

·TWILIGHT·  
·TALES·TOLD·  
·TO·TINY·TOTS·



·ANITA·D·ROSECRANS·















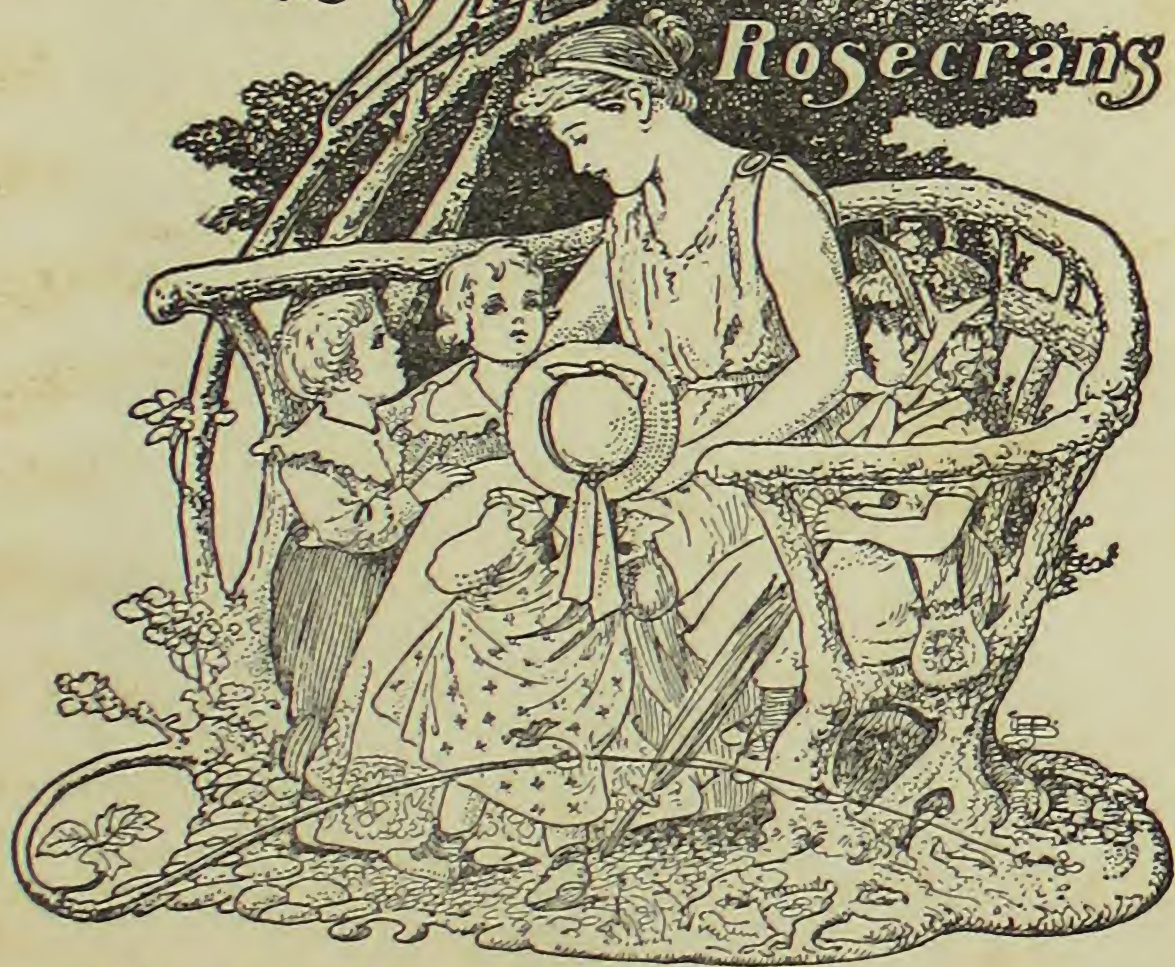


IT WAS A BIG FORTUNE FOR HIM.



# *Twilight Tales* *Told to* *Tiny Tots*

*By*  
*Anita D.*  
*Rosecrans*



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## THE IVY-TOWER.

---

ON a hill in the middle of a woods there used to be a tower, and every one called it the "Ivy-Tower," because it was entirely covered with ivy. It looked just like a big, tall column of green ivy, and no one of the boys would ever dare to go into it.

Indeed, no one ever went farther than the edge of the woods around it, for the Ivy-Tower stood on a bare space, all by itself. It looked as if the trees, even, were afraid of venturing any nearer. Some people said it was haunted, and others said it was owned by a witch, but no one was brave enough to find out, — yes, there was one boy brave enough, and

I'm going to tell you his name, and what happened to him.

He was called "Brave Hubert," because he was n't afraid of anything. Why, he would go right into the darkest room, and stay there whistling, or he would go down in old cellars and hunt for things, or he would go out at night alone on errands, and never cared a snap of his finger if the boys tried to frighten him by jumping out at him. He just laughed.

Hubert was a fine, straight boy, and had many friends, for he was not quarrelsome at all.

One day all the boys were out hunting nuts in the woods, and they got to talking about who was the bravest.

One of them said that even if Hubert was brave, he would not be brave enough to go into the Ivy-Tower.

"Pshaw! I'm not afraid to go there now," said Hubert. "Nothing can be



there except bats and owls, for no one lives there."

Well, they dared him to go, and they all went with him as far as the bare space near the top of the hill on which stood the lonely tower.

Hubert went right on, and the boys watched him until they could no longer see him.

And now I must tell you what he saw. He found a rusty old door, and pushed it open, and there, inside, was a room, nice and clean, with a table spread as if for supper. Near the table was one chair. In a corner of the room was a door, and on pushing it open, Hubert found a stairs that he could easily climb.

Up he went, and it was as dark as night; but he never turned back. He could hear the rats and squirrels run along in front of him, and he laughed, for he saw that they were more frightened of

him than he was of them. At last he saw a light, and he came to a door. Some one seemed to be singing, and Hubert thought he had never heard such a sweet voice. He knocked politely at the door, and the voice called out:

“Come right in, Hubert.”

Hubert thought it must be somebody that knew him, so he walked right in, and what do you suppose he saw? Sitting in a chair was a beautiful fairy. She seemed to be waiting for him, for she smiled kindly, and said:

“Don’t be afraid, little Hubert.”

“I’m not afraid of you, for you look so kind, and besides, you are very beautiful.”

Now this pleased the little fairy, and she said, “Hubert, I’ve known you for a long time, and I am going to reward you for three things I’ve noticed in you. The first is, you always tell the truth;



the second is, you are not afraid to do right; and the third is, you are kind to everything, great and small. Come with me, now, and I will show you the reward." And she took his hand and led him up a little winding stairs and out onto the top of the tower. There he saw a flat pavement, surrounded by a wall as high as his head, and the ivy crept over even the edge of this wall. He had no idea that a tower had a flat place and that you could walk on top of it.

"Now," said the fairy, "take that old pick you see yonder and dig a hole, if you can, in this pavement right here," and she pointed to a sort of rough place in the pavement.

Hubert did as he was told, and soon the pieces of mortar were flying into the air. All of a sudden he heard a hollow sound, as if he had struck a box of some sort, and the fairy told him to go care-



fully. At last he uncovered, sure enough, a strong wooden box about a foot long. It had a handle, and he jerked the box up by it, and handed it to the fairy.

But she said : " No, Hubert, it is yours, and so is everything you will find there. Open it, and don't be afraid ! "

Well, you can fancy how excited Hubert was when he pried open the box and saw rolls of money, small gold pieces and big gold pieces, and silver, and a little bag filled tight with precious stones, diamonds, emeralds, rubies, and pearls ! It was a big fortune for him, and he knew enough to understand that he could make his mother and father very rich now.

" Oh, you kind, good fairy ! " he said. " I can't thank you enough. Oh, oh, *oh*, are n't they wonderful ! What can I do to thank you, good fairy ? "

" You can be a good boy, and keep on being truthful, brave, and kind, Hubert.



Good-by — don't forget me!" she replied.

And before he could say a word she vanished. She disappeared just like a soap-bubble does when you are thinking how beautiful the colors are, don't you know?

Well, Hubert stood a moment, so happy and so surprised that he could not say a word. Then he climbed to the top of the highest part of the tower, and called out to the boys, who had begun to be afraid that he was dead.

"Say, you fellows, there, give three cheers for the Ivy-Tower and the fairy of the tower!"

And the boys roared out three great, big cheers, and threw their caps into the air, for they were glad to see Hubert again. You can imagine how fast Hubert came down those stairs, in spite of his heavy load of treasure, and how he

told the boys all about the fairy of the Ivy-Tower, and how he showed his mother and father all the wonderful jewels and the money in the box. At first his father thought there might be some wicked trick of bad people for getting his boy into trouble, but presently he found in the box a piece of paper, old and dingy with time, and he read this:

“To the boy who is brave, truthful, and kind.”

Then he felt that it was all right, and they lived happy ever after.



## LIGHTFOOT.

---

ONCE upon a time there was a man who took his wife and baby boy on a long journey across the plains. This was in the early days when people travelled in wagons and on horses, and always had guns with them, for there was danger of Indians attacking the wagons and killing the men and even the women and children.

While they were going through a wild mountain canyon, sure enough the Indians fell upon them. There were a great many of the red men, and they fought well. The poor white men were soon nearly all killed or taken prisoners, and among the dead were the father and

mother of the baby boy — the only child in the party. Just as one of the "braves," as the Indian men are called, was going to kill the baby, the chief called to him to stop, as he wanted the boy.

So the chief took him and handed him to his squaw, telling her to take care of him. I don't know why the Indian felt this way, but I was told that he had lost his baby son some years before, and he had never had another like him, so I suppose he wanted to make this baby his own little boy.

Sure enough, when the Indians got to their camp, they were told by the chief that the child was to be his, and that none of them must harm him.

The child soon grew to like the old chief, who would play with him, and made him lots of little toys out of wood and the bark of the trees. As he grew older and could walk around, his new father taught



him all he could. He made him a bow and arrows, and taught him how to shoot, how to trap birds and squirrels, how to tell where the wild animals lived, and which of them were dangerous. The boy soon grew as brown as an Indian from living bareheaded, but he had curly brown hair with golden light in it, and when he played in the bright sun his head shone. The old chief thought him the most beautiful child on earth, and because he was so straight, and so light on his feet, he called him "Lightfoot."

Lightfoot learned from his father — for so he thought the chief was — how to be brave and yet kind, for the old chief, "Big Bear," was a good old man. He had kept the tribe over which he ruled from a great deal of trouble by his wise words; but he was a great fighter when fighting was to be done.

Lightfoot grew to be a boy of fifteen,



and although he was happy, yet there was something which kept telling him all the time that he was different from the Indians around him.

He kept himself cleaner than the other boys, and he thought often that he had sometime been in another part of the world.

Big Bear taught him all he knew, and how he must speak the truth, and Lightfoot did do this.

One day there came two men — white men — to the camp. They were travelling through the country hunting, and wanted a guide to the best places for deer. The other Indians were angry, but Big Bear told them to be quiet, and sent Lightfoot to show the strangers where to go. Lightfoot felt proud to let the white men know how good a hunter he was, and spent some days with them.

The white men told him many strange



things about schools and books, and one of them taught him how to make the letters out from a little book. He learned that white men read funny little black signs on papers, and that they could find out things by lightning; also that there were big wagons on wheels that ran on iron rails faster than his horse, and carried hundreds of people at one time, and had a great fire-horse to pull them along. They asked him if he would not like to go to school and learn things, and become a great man.

When Lightfoot had come home again, and the white men were gone, he often sat very quiet and thought about what they had told him. Old Big Bear watched him, and knowing that he was really a white boy, he began to be afraid that Lightfoot knew it, too, and that he would want to leave him. The old chief felt in his heart that he ought to let Lightfoot

go and learn how to be a white man; but he had become so fond of the boy that he could not bear to give him up.

So he did not say a word to Lightfoot, but grew very sad.

One day, when Lightfoot had sat a long time without saying a word to his father, Big Bear said:

"What are you thinking about, boy?"

"About the two white men, father, and the big schools, and all the wonderful things they know."

"Don't you love your old father, Lightfoot?"

"Oh, father, how can you ask me? You know that I do!"

"Would you like to go to school and learn to be white man?"

"Father, I would like to learn the things of the white man, and then I could help my people along better, could n't I?"

Then the old chief smoked a long time,



and Lightfoot went away, hoping that he would be sent to school. At last the old man told him he could go to the Mission school, for all along old Big Bear had known that one day he would do right, and let Lightfoot learn to be a white man.

So Lightfoot rode into the Mission school, and stayed with the teachers there; but some of the white boys of the place laughed at him, and called him a white boy, for he was not dark like the Indians. They asked him if he was n't a white boy, and if he had always lived with the Indians. Many people talked with him, and every one said he must have been stolen from his parents.

All this made Lightfoot very sad, for he began to feel it must be true; but he loved the old chief too much to ask him. One day, after he had gone back home, two strangers came to the school and asked many questions about Big Bear and his



son Lightfoot. They seemed to know his name and all about him. One of the Indians went and told Big Bear that two white men had been asking about him, so the old chief kept home and made Lightfoot stay away from school, for he feared that these men might be Lightfoot's people hunting for him. But Lightfoot was so lonely, that at last the old chief could not keep from telling him that he was not his own son, and that perhaps the white men could tell him something of his family.

You can imagine how excited Lightfoot was when he learned this wonderful news. And when Big Bear told him to get ready and come into the town with him, he went and washed his face very clean, and combed his hair like he had seen the white boys do, and put on his best clothes.

When Big Bear rode through the



town, the two white men saw him and stopped him, and one of them was one of the hunters with whom Lightfoot had been in the summer. They asked the old chief to tell them if Lightfoot was his own son, or if his father was still alive, and where was his mother.

When Big Bear told them that the father and mother were both killed, one of them turned away and wiped the tears from his eyes. He then told Big Bear that he was the brother of that white man and woman, and that he was hunting for the little boy whose name was Paul, he said, and he asked Big Bear if Lightfoot was not a white child. At first Big Bear pretended not to understand what he meant; but when he saw how Lightfoot looked at the white men as if he liked them, he could not keep in any longer, for the good old man loved Lightfoot very much and wanted him to



turn out to be a "Big Man," as he said. He wanted his pretty boy to be happy. So he told the truth at last, and then Lightfoot found that the hunter was his uncle; that he was a rich man, and would make him learn many fine things.

Yet, as he looked at the old chief, he knew how he would miss him, and how lonely the old man would be without him. But Big Bear was a brave man; so the end of the matter was that Lightfoot was to go to school and stay with his uncle in the winter, and in the summer he could come and stay with Big Bear. His uncle gave Big Bear lots of money to buy ponies and new blankets, and had a new cabin built for him, so the old man was very proud and happy.

Well, Lightfoot went away, and year after year he came back to the woods in the summer to live with Big Bear, until finally Big Bear died. Lightfoot studied



hard and became a fine man, and lived to do a great deal of good for the poor Indians. He helped them to learn trades and be careful of their things, and he never forgot the kindness of the old chief, Big Bear.

## TOM AND THE GOOSE OF THE GOLDEN EGGS.

---

THERE was once a little boy named Tom. His father sent him, one day, to sell some eggs. Tom had a nice new basket, and the eggs were carefully packed in it by his mother.

"Tom," said his father, "take the eggs to our market, and don't sell them for less than twenty-five cents a dozen."

I'm sorry to say that Tom had the habit of not paying attention to what was told him, so he answered, "Yes, papa," and away he went trudging along the road, listening to the birds singing, and watching for a squirrel to jump out of the hedge, and he never remembered



what his father had said, as you will see.

All of a sudden he saw a man coming towards him, driving a big white goose. The man had a long stick in his hand, and when the goose went off the road he waved the stick and scared her back again. Tom thought he had never seen such a wonderful white goose. He stopped still until the man got close, and then the man said,

"What have you got there, Tom?"

"Eggs," answered Tom, looking all the time at the big goose.

"What kind?"

"Oh, just plain eggs," answered Tom.

"Well, if I give you my goose, will you give me your basket of eggs?"

"My stars, do you mean it?" said Tom. "You bet I will," and he handed over the basket and all. The man gave him the big stick, and disappeared like a flash.

Tom drove the big goose home, and when his father saw him coming into the yard, he said,

“What have you got there, Tom?”

“A fine goose.”

“But where are the eggs? What have you done with them?”

“Oh, I traded them off for this goose, father.”

Well, the father was very angry, and told Tom to drive the goose into the chicken-yard and attend to it himself, if he had to get it. Tom felt bad, for he never thought but that his papa would like the big white goose as much as he did. So he spent the rest of the day in fixing the old goose up with a nice little house, and a fine soft nest of hay, for he wanted her to lay one of her big eggs.

Well, the next morning Tom went out early before breakfast to look after his goose, and what do you suppose he found?



The goose was just getting off the nest, and there lay a beautiful golden egg! Tom was so excited that he ran with it to the house, and called out to his father and his mother to come and see the golden egg he had found. You can just imagine how they felt, for it was sure enough a *real golden egg!*

At first his father thought it was a trick played on them, and was almost afraid to touch the egg. But next morning there was another golden egg in the nest. So he told Tom not to tell any one about it, for fear of robbers, and he took the egg in to the city to the best jeweller. The jeweller was astonished, and gave him hundreds of dollars for the egg, and said if he ever found another to come and sell it to him, for it was the purest gold.

Tom's father smiled, for he had another at home, but he thought he would n't say so that day.

So every day the fairy goose laid a golden egg. You can fancy what care Tom took of her, and how proud he felt that he had a wonderful goose like that.

His father got him a pony and a cart, and a gun, and lots of new clothes, and everything he wanted, and they lived in a new house. But every night and morning Tom went and took care of that goose. He built a new house for it, and the door had a padlock to it, and Tom kept the key under his pillow.

But now comes a sad thing. One morning Tom went as usual to the goose-house, and there sat a strange goose who had just laid a *white* egg—just a common white goose egg.

Tom was furious. He ran into the house to get his father. The father thought it was the old goose, but Tom said "No."

Well, well! Where was the old goose



gone that laid the golden eggs? They hunted high and low, but no sign of her. They knew that some bad man had heard of her, and stolen her out of the house at night, and then locked the door after they had put the common goose in there. Time passed on, and Tom's father went out hunting with him one day, always, though, with the hope that he might find the fairy goose who laid the golden eggs.

As they were going along, they came to a little log cabin in the woods, with a little chicken-house among the bushes behind it. Tom peeped into it, and there sat this good old goose ! Tom knew her by the squint in her right eye, and he was going to run to the house after those bad men, when his father told him to stay quiet. Presently, as they hid in the bushes, out came two men and got into a wagon which was hitched near, and drove off. As soon as they were out of

sight, Tom opened the door of the chicken-house, and the old goose knew him at once. They tied her legs together and carried her home, and you may just imagine how glad they were to have her back again. The good old goose lived for some time after that, and made Tom and his father and mother very rich people, and they always treated her very well.



## BOBBIE AND THE ECHO- FAIRY.

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I'M sorry to say that Bobbie had a bad habit of leaving his cap in one place, his school books anywhere, and that just when it was time for school he never could find anything, and was always saying,

"Where did you put my cap? Where is my slate? Where did you put my reader?"

Now this bad habit of his was the cause of this story ; and if ever any of you boys happen to leave your things about, the same thing may happen to you that did to Bobbie. But you had better not try it!

Well, one morning Bobbie called,

"Has any one seen my slate? I can't find it anywhere!" Of course there was a hunt for it, and where do you think it was? Out in a tree! Bobbie had climbed to see if there was a bird's nest and left his slate there on a lower branch.

"Bobbie," said mamma, "hurry, or you'll be late for school."

"I can't find my reader," whined Bobbie. "Some one has put it away. And my cap is gone, too. I wish people would leave things alone."

Now, would n't that make any one laugh? Bobbie knew very well that he had thrown them some place, but he always blamed it on some one else. At last the cap was found under the kitchen table, and the reader on the porch, and Bobbie started to school in a great hurry.

Just as he reached a cross-road, he remembered that he had set a squirrel-



trap a little way up a ravine, so he thought he would run up there and see if he had caught anything.

He put his book and slate in the crotch of a tree, and started up a little path. It was a summer day, and growing warmer all the time. The pretty brook splashed and rippled over the moss and stones along the path, and he picked some ferns.

Suddenly he heard the sound of the tardy bell, and he knew it was too late to go to school. He did not want to be laughed at, or stood in a corner, so he just made up his mind then and there that he would stay away. Wasn't that naughty?

So he went on to his squirrel trap. Nothing was there! He thought he would follow the brook and see where it came from, and up the steep path he trudged. Now and then a bird sang, a

frog croaked, or, as he looked down into a dark, still pool of water, he saw a fish glide into the shade. It was so warm!

At last he reached the top of a high rock, over which dashed a little waterfall, and near it was a spring, which the boys called the fairy spring. Bobbie sat down, took off his cap, and wiped his hot little face with his handkerchief, for the perspiration was running down. Then he stooped and put his mouth right to the waterfall, and drank a long drink of the cool water.

My! but it tasted good. Bobbie lay back and watched the clouds sail above. A bright butterfly came along and looked at him and lighted on his foot. Then a bee buzzed right past his nose. Bobbie felt so happy that he called out,

"Hello, there!"

"Hello, there," mimicked a voice.

"How do you do?" said Bob.



"How d'you do?" answered the voice.

"Oh, I'm well," called Bob.

"Oh, I'm well," said the voice.

"Where are you?" asked Bob.

"Where are you?" replied the voice.

"Why, I'm right here," answered Bobbie.

"Why, I'm right here," said the voice.

"Oh, come on," begged Bob.

"Oh, come on," said the voice.

This made Bobbie mad, and he threw stones down into where he thought the boy was.

"Did that hurt you? How's that?"

"How's that?" answered the voice.

They kept up this talk for a few moments, when suddenly Bob saw a little fairy toiling up the path. He rubbed his eyes, but sure enough there he was, and he came up to Bobbie.

"Who are you?" said Bobbie.

"Why, I'm just the Echo-fairy," he

answered. "Come on to Echo-Cave, and we'll have some fun."

Bob felt himself suddenly grow very light, and away he and the fairy flew. Soon they came to a cave, in front of which sat a fairy with a wand in his hand.

He touched Bobbie, and the boy grew very small, just like the fairy.

Soon they were in the dark cave, but after flying along crooked passages they came to a great high room, lighted by a pale green light from the rocks. There were long points of rock coming down from the roof that glittered like diamonds, and other small ones sticking up from the floor, and on the end of each of these sat a little fairy. The floor of the cave was covered with bright golden sand, just full of diamonds and rubies and emeralds and sapphires; but the fairies did n't seem to care much for them. I suppose they were used to them.



Every fairy was doing something. No one was idle. Some were hammering out diamond chips from the rocks. Some were twisting vines together, and climbing up to the roof; others were scattering fine sand on the floor; others picking out the big stones and throwing them into a pile. Some were hollowing out tiny wells, and making the water which trickled from the roof gather into them. Echo-fairy seemed friendly with every one. Such a noise as there was ! It seemed to Bobbie as if there were thousands of voices calling, calling, and laughing until it made you dizzy to hear it all.

"Oh, I guess I'll pick up some of these diamonds and rubies !" said Bobbie.

So down he went on the ground and began filling his pockets with them. He was so busy that the time went by quickly. At last he said:



"Say, Echo-fairy, I'm pretty hungry. Got anything to eat?"

"Why, of course," answered the fairy. "Please excuse my forgetfulness. Let's sit down to dinner."

Now, what do you suppose they had for dinner? Nice little bugs, picked out of the dark pools of water, served on shell plates; queer gray moss soaked in water, and some little things that looked like mushrooms. Wasn't that a funny dinner? I guess you can imagine how Bobbie felt. He thought of his nice warm dinner, his soup, about which he used to scold, because it was too hot. Whew! Wouldn't he have given a nickel to have some right now!

He was just going to cry out, "Take these horrid old things away!" when he remembered that his mamma had told him never to grumble at table. So he just pretended to eat the bugs, but he threw



them down on the floor, and they ran off into the water again.

"Oh, I guess I'm not very hungry after all," said Bobbie; "let's do something else."

So they swung in the vines, and played hide-and-seek among the rocky points, and laughed when some of the fairies tumbled into the water with a splash. Oh, but they had lots of fun, but all of a sudden Bobbie began to think of going home.

He asked the Echo-fairy where the door was, for he could see no way to get out of the cave, and the little fairy said,

"I'll show you the way by-and-by — but do stay with us a few days. We'll show you lots of fine things further down in the cave."

But Bobbie was so hungry and tired that he was almost crying by this time. Still he managed to say politely,

"No, thank you, I'll come another time."

As they were coming out, the fairy touched him on the shoulder and he felt heavy again, just like a fat little boy, and all of a sudden he found himself — now where do you suppose?

Why, lying on the ground, right where he had thrown himself down after that nice drink of water. He rubbed his eyes, and was going to say good-by to the fairy — but there was no fairy there at all! He jumped up and looked around for the cave — but there was no cave at all! Then he noticed that the shadows were longer on the hill, and he began to think it must be afternoon, so he ran home as hard as he could. When he got there he was hot and dusty. His father was sitting under a tree smoking, and when Bobbie began to say,

"Oh, papa" — his father said,



"Who are you, little boy? If you want to beg any dinner, just go round to the kitchen and ask the cook."

Bobbie looked at his papa, but papa did n't seem to know him at all. Bob felt pretty queer, I can tell you.

He went round to the kitchen door, and the cook called out to him,

"Say, little boy, go out to the barn and I'll bring you some cold dinner. Missis does n't allow tramps to sit in the kitchen."

"Don't you know me, Mary?" asked Bobbie, beginning to cry.

"Get along, now! — I don't know tramps," said Mary crossly.

Just then Bobbie's dog ran around the house and barked at him. This made Bobbie feel awful.

"I want my mamma!" he cried ;  
"where's my mamma?"

"Sure, I don't know who your mother

is," answered Mary. "Get off the porch, now."

All at once Bobbie's mamma came to the door, and Bobbie ran to her and told her he would never run off from school again, and that he was going to be a good boy all the rest of his life; and he cried so that poor mamma at last took him into the house.

She washed his face and cooled her little boy off, and put nice clean things on him, and then she told him how good a time he had missed. His little sister had had a beautiful drive to a farm far off with papa. Papa had gone for his little son to the school-house, and the teacher had told him that Bobbie had not been at school all day.

Poor Bobbie cried as if his heart would break in two, for he had been looking forward to that drive for weeks!

He told his mamma all about the fairy



cave and Echo-fairy, and his mother told him that he had only dreamed, and had lost all the pleasant day in doing nothing but sleeping.

Well, I can tell you that it was the last of Bobbie's running away from school, but he often wished he could see that Echo-fairy once more.

## DON.

---

DON was a pure-blooded shepherd dog, black and white, and when he was little he had tiny soft curls all over his body, and was the prettiest pup you ever saw. A nice friend of a little girl brought him to the ranch, where she lived, one day in his buggy. Don made a lot of noise yelping at first, for he missed his mother, but he soon liked the warm milk and the petting everyone gave him, and grew strong and big. He was a most intelligent dog, as the shepherds are. He seemed to understand everything that was said.

If you said "shot," he would tuck his tail between his legs and creep away in



fright. I suppose some of the ranchers had frightened him that way. Don was a great rover and a terrible fighter, and for miles around every dog feared him. It was funny to watch the passing teams with their dogs, for as they got near the ranch-house the dogs slunk under the wagons. But it was of no use. Don, the terrible fighter, got in after them, if the driver's whip didn't catch him, and then would come a fight, or the dog would often lie down on his back and ask for mercy.

Yet, with all this, Don was as kind to the family and his friends as he could be. He would lay his head on your knees, and look up into your face, and say lots of things with his eyes.

Poor Don! Every day the railroad cars and engine that passed the house would come along with a rush, and out Don would tear, and race for half a mile



to try to beat them. Every one laughed at him, but he never seemed to think it was silly. He hated that noisy engine and the nasty smoke, and he thought they had no business going so rudely by the ranch. One day he got hurt by the engine, and he always limped a little after that.

Then, I'm sorry to say, he used to bark at teams. And, although he was a good watch-dog, in his young days he forgot all about the house, and would spend the night running over the country, chasing cats, hunting squirrels, and fighting. You can imagine how he looked the next day. It was shocking!

Don despised pigs, and if he caught sight of the tail of one he was off like a shot, and nothing short of a beating and dragging him off could make him stop chasing and worrying it.

Well, I'm coming now to the sad part



of Don's life, and we never knew how much he must have suffered, for he never told us.

Time after time Don was whipped for running away at night and leaving the house unwatched, but at last, one day, he did not come back. Days passed, weeks went on, months were spent waiting for poor Don, but no sign of him. Every one gave him up as dead, when two years went by, and we often used to talk about "dear old Don," and wonder how he died, and if some one had been good to him.

One day, two years after he had left the ranch, a dirty, lame dog trotted slowly up to the house and came to the back door, wagging his tail very humbly, as if asking for bread and meat.

It was about sunset, and he looked lonely and poor, so every one took a little notice of him, and, strange to say, he

seemed to know every one. Suddenly mamma said,

“Why, I declare, if that is n’t Don!”

As soon as he heard his name he wagged his tail and said plainly,

“Yes, yes, I’m Don — poor old, sorry Don — come back again, and I beg you to forgive me. I’ve not forgotten you all, and I hope you will remember me. I’ve travelled a long way, and I’m tired and hungry, and won’t you please give me another trial as a watch-dog?”

He begged hard to stay, but at first they were so hurt at his having forgotten them all, that they did not think it was really good of the dog to think of returning to them after all these months and years. So they chased him away, and I’m sorry to say some one tied a tin can to his tail, so as to make him ashamed to return. I think that was very unkind, but



good fortune favored poor Don. Away he ran, sorry and frightened, and met some one who took the tin can off. As soon as he got it off he made his mind up to come back and show them all that he was in earnest.

So back he trotted, and was wagging his tail at the back door, when grandpa saw him, and decided that it was for the best to let him alone that night, anyway. In the evening, around the fire, there was a council about him as to whether it was better to drive him off or to have him shot, for as one of the family said,

“Don would never be of any account again.”

Grandpa was in favor of trying him. You know grandpas live so much longer than other people that they know pretty well about all the right things to do. So his wise counsel prevailed.

The next morning grandpa went out, and there was poor old Don humbly waiting for any of the family to notice him. Grandpa said,

"Come here, Don, I want to talk to you."

Don wagged his tail gently, and came and sat down before him, looking up with his soft, dark eyes full of sadness.

"Don," said grandpa, "we have decided to give you one more trial, and if you run away again you'll be shot — do you understand?"

Don trembled at the word "shot," which he had never forgotten, and he understood very well what it meant, for he raised his right paw for grandpa to shake, as if to say,

"Yes, sir, I understand all about it, and here's my right hand in promise that I will be a different dog after this —



thank you, sir," and he wagged his tail and walked after grandpa, right at his heels, saying,

"See — I'm your humble servant."

Well, sure enough, Don was a changed dog. The faithful fellow soon worked his way back into every one's heart. He was bathed, taken care of, and well fed, but he was never very strong after that. He never left the ranch again, night or day.

When it was rainy and damp he used to sleep on the porch; but at the least sound of steps of animal or man he was up and barking savagely. When he was sick — and that was rather often — he had to be given medicine. Now, he did not like medicine any more than you or I, but he never struggled or bit your hand. He took it like a man, and then he would go and roll in the grass, and in this way wipe off his mouth. He

could not use a napkin, but he knew it was not polite to leave his mouth looking dirty. I could tell no end of stories about him and his wonderful understanding. I forgot to tell that when he was young he used to watch the baby while he slept. He lay down under his carriage out on the porch, and when baby woke Don would bark to let us know.

At last old Don grew very feeble, and it looked as if he could not live many months or even weeks longer.

One night a load of hay came in from the fields too late to be put up in the loft, so the wagon was left in the barn lot, the horses taken out and put into the stable, and all the family went to bed. Poor Don, who had been sick for two days and had eaten very little, crept under the wagon, and there he was found dead next morning.



We all loved him for his good qualities, and the old song about "Dog Tray" might be sung about Don, for he was really and truly

"Gentle and kind."

## LITTLE TIG.

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THIS is only a short story, but it is also a true one. The little dog about whom I will talk really lived, and a very homely little fellow he was. He wasn't any particular kind of dog either, so he could never have won a prize for anything; yes, he might have won it for smartness, and that is where my story begins.

"Tiger," or "Tig," as he was called, was owned by a man who had no little boys to tease him, or to stand up for him when he was in danger. Tig just had to fight his own battles in this world. One day he came to live in a new town with his master. Everything looked strange



to him. There was n't even a cat whom he knew well enough to tease, so he wandered around the garden while his master was writing in the house. He found plenty of new things to sniff, and he spent quite a time in digging holes in the flower-beds. As the fence was too high for him to jump over, and the gate too heavy to open, nothing happened to him. Some strange dogs wandered by and he barked at them fiercely. You'll see soon what happened to him for being so cross. Dogs don't forget any more than any one else when they are spoken to crossly and they have not deserved it—do they? Well, everything would have gone along smoothly for Tig if he had only waited before barking so rudely.

One day his master went out, and Tig slipped out after him through the gate, and away he went running into everything he saw. If a dog came near



he growled and showed his teeth, but his master was there, and turned around and spoke to him, and the other dog ran away. This kind of conduct did not win any friends for Master Tig, as you may imagine. So the dogs of that town must have had a meeting over the matter.

Tig at last found a hole in the fence, and although he knew his master wanted him to stay at home, he managed to squeeze through.

"At last," he thought, "I can go around this old town and see the other dogs, and have some fun. I'll show them I'm not afraid — not I."

Pretty soon along came some dogs, and the minute they saw Tig they began to be quarrelsome. One of them bit Tig, and pretty soon all the dogs got after him, and they fought and chased him up to his gate, and there they left him nearly dead.



Tig's master found him that night, wounded and bleeding, and took him inside. But the next morning Tig was nowhere to be found. Day after day passed, but he did not come back, so his master gave him up, and thought that the poor little fellow's feelings were so hurt at his being beaten that he had gone away to die.

Three weeks passed, and one afternoon along came Tig, fat and well, and looking very brave, and with him was a fierce big bulldog who seemed to be great friends with him. The master was glad to see little Tig again, and made his friend welcome also for his sake. The dogs had a fine dinner, and a great romp together that evening in the garden, and then a long sleep, but the next morning they were gone.

Well, all day in that town there were terrible dog fights. Such a noise and

yelping as there was, and little Tig was right in it! Now what do you suppose that smart Master Tig had done? Why, he had taken his big bulldog friend around and showed him each dog that had fought and licked him, and that old bulldog just went for those dogs, and never let them alone till he had given them all a terrible whipping. Tig looked on at the fights and took a turn when he thought he could get in a good bite.

After that the dogs of the town had a great respect for little Tig, and as soon as he saw this he must have said something to the old bulldog about not needing him any more, for the big dog went off to his own town, and Tig lived a long and happy life, and was greatly liked by all the respectable dogs of his acquaintance.



## TOM AND OLD POMPEY.

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I'LL just try to tell you exactly where Tom lived, and how the place looked. The house was up on a low hill, not far from the ocean, but the water right around was called the bay. The land was shaped like you see in pictures of capes in old geographies. The water went in and out all around these little capes, in pretty little bays or inlets. The trees grew nearly down to the water's edge in some places, and the rocks were fine to sit on and throw stones into the water. There was a road winding down from the house to the water, and there was a small wharf to which some fishermen tied their boats at night. Most often, though, they hauled

their boats way up on the sand where the tide could not reach them. You see if they did not do this the water might rise in the night and wash the boats off, and they probably would never see them again. Well, you can see that Tom lived in a very nice place, and he loved the water just as much as ducks love it.

He was not a very big boy, and although he wanted to have a boat of his own, his father would never let him have one, and he could not even go out on the water unless his father was with him.

Tom thought he was treated too much like a small boy, and he begged his father nearly every day to have a boat built for him.

His father used to smile and say:

"When you are twelve years old, Tom, it will be time enough to have a boat."

Sure enough the time did at last come when Tom was twelve years old. What



with school and other things the years ran along, and it was the evening before his twelfth birthday.

"We must celebrate Tom's twelfth birthday to-morrow, mamma," said his father. "We'll just have a fine picnic and a sail on the bay, and eat our luncheon on board."

Tom and his sister Ethel were so delighted with the plans that they could scarcely sleep. In the morning, right after breakfast, the children were busy getting grasshoppers for bait, and each had some things which they wanted to take out on the picnic, so the first thing they knew old Pompey called out to them to hurry.

Old Pompey was a darkey servant who had been with them always. So Tom and Ethel ran down after him, for Pompey had a big basket on his arm. There was mamma with another basket, and Bridget,

the cook, had a bucket; in fact, every one was there except papa.

The children ran fast, and what do you suppose they saw when they reached the water? There was a beautiful new boat, painted white and blue, and the name of it was in gold letters on the side. What do you think was its name? It was called "The Fairy."

"Oh, papa, whose lovely new boat is this?" said Tom.

"That is your boat, Tom," said his papa.

Well, you can imagine how happy Tom was, and how he and his papa examined everything in the boat. Tom watched his papa as he spread the sail, and away "The Fairy" cut through the water.

Tom and Ethel looked over, and admired the boat as it glided along. Such a grand time as they had. They got away out where it was calm, and then



sail was lowered, — you know what that means, — they rolled it up, and of course the boat couldn't go then unless they rowed it. Then they began to fish. Tom had a strong line, which was wrapped around a sort of roller fastened into the bottom of the boat, and for a long time nothing came to bite at his hook, but all of a sudden the line ran so fast through his hands that it burned them, and he screamed to his father for help. Pompey and his father went to help him, and very soon the boat began to move backward, for at the end of the line was a great big fish, and he was pulling as hard as he could to get away.

Tom watched and did his share of pulling on the line, and at last the big fish found it was no use trying to get the hook out of his mouth, and he came up to the top of the water for air, turned on his back and lay quiet. Tom was just



going to pull at him and had stood up in the boat, when all of a sudden the fish gave a big jump, and old Pompey was just in time to catch hold of Tom, who was almost jerked overboard, and would have been in the water in a second. You can fancy that he was rather scared, and he sat quiet until Pompey said:

“He’s dead now, Marse Tom.”

Sure enough the big fish was quite dead, and a monster he was. He was what they call a “Jew-fish,” and must have weighed two or three hundred pounds.

“It’s Tom’s fish,” said his father, “and he can do what he likes with it.”

Well, can’t you feel just how proud of it Tom was? He and Pompey had a great talk about the fish, and they decided that they would get the wagon and haul it into town, and sell it to the fish-market man. Every one caught a lot of fish, then



they had luncheon, — all sorts of good things, — and late in the afternoon they came home. Pompey showed Tom how to clean the fish, and then they packed it into the wagon, covered it with green boughs to keep it cool, and went into town.

The market man was glad to buy the big fish, for many of the poor people liked that kind, and he gave Tom seven dollars and fifty cents for it. Tom gave two dollars to Pompey, and as he drove home that evening he was a proud and happy boy. He and Pompey after that went out many times fishing, and he made a lot of money that summer selling his fish to the market; but he also learned all about a boat, and how to sail it.

## GEORGE'S BIRTHDAY PRESENT.

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LITTLE George one day found out that it would soon be his eighth birthday, and his father asked him what he wanted on that day.

He thought a long while, but he wanted so many things that at last his papa said:

"I guess I can give you something that will just suit you, George, but I won't tell you what it is going to be, and we'll call it a surprise — shall we?"

"Oh, yes; that will be jolly, papa. How long is it till my birthday?"

"A week to-morrow; so you won't have long to wait, will you?"

Well, you can imagine how many times



George thought of his birthday, and every night he counted one more night off, till the great day should arrive. He couldn't think what the "surprise" was going to be, and he fell asleep wondering and guessing.

At last the morning arrived, and he was eight years old. It was a lovely warm day, and the little birds were all singing so sweetly, the blue sky had never been so clear, and every one in the family had some gift for him. Mamma had a fine suit of new clothes, little sister gave him a new top, and Dick, his big brother, gave him a pretty picture book, but dear papa seemed to have forgotten it was the day, and there was nothing in the room for George from him. Poor little George did not say much, but he was afraid that papa had been too busy to remember. Still, papa looked very jolly and laughed a great deal, and said:



"Dear me, you are really eight years old this morning?"

"Papa," said George, almost ready to cry, "did you get the 'surprise' you promised me?"

"The 'surprise'? Why, come on, let's go and see, George, if I can find something for you."

So they went out into the garden, and there stood a beautiful bay Shetland pony all saddled! There was a new saddle, a new bridle, a lovely red saddle cloth, a whip, and papa took out of his pocket a new riding cap and a pair of tiny gloves, soft and strong—and all these things were for little George!

"Oh, you dear papa!" cried George. "Is this the surprise? Is it really mine?" He jumped up and threw his arms around papa's neck and kissed him, and then he ran to the pony who pricked up his ears, and sniffed George's hand. Papa gave



George a lump of sugar for the pony, and as soon as he had eaten it, he raised his little head and rested it on George's shoulder, as much as to say, "Let's be friends. I think you are a very kind boy, and I know we'll like each other very much."

George put his arms around the pony's neck and kissed him, and that settled it right then.

"What is his name, papa? I want to call him Prince; may I?"

"Yes, indeed; that will be a fine name."

"Here, Prince," said George; and would you believe it, Prince walked right over to George, and seemed to know that the name suited him.

Well, papa lifted George on the back of Prince, and led him around. At first it seemed funny to feel the pony walking about under him, and George held on to the pommel of the saddle.



After a while, though, his papa let go of the bridle, and Prince began to trot. George stuck tight to the pony, and presently he gave him a little touch of the whip, and then little Prince galloped all around the garden. I tell you it was grand fun, and Prince liked it just as well as George. He took George all through the different paths and roads in the grounds around the house. By that time George felt sure he could stay on well, and his papa had his own big bay horse saddled, and away he went with George out on the road to the Park. You can imagine how excited little George was, but he kept tight to the saddle, and held up straight, and every one looked at him, as he rode so well.

Papa and he let their horses walk sometimes, for it would n't do, you know, to gallop a horse all the time. Horses



get out of breath as well as people, when they run too long at one time.

George saw everything in the Park — the lake, with boats on it, the swans, the peacocks, and everything. Then his papa made him get off and run about for a while, so he would not be stiff after his first ride, and they had cookies, candy, and a drink of cool water before they started home. Altogether, George never had had such a grand birthday, and the best of it all was, that Prince was really his own little pony, and would live with him all the time. He could ride him every day, and feed him, and go to see the coachman rub him down, and the blacksmith shoe him, and, in fact, he felt that he had a new brother in the family, for he already loved little Prince as much as he could.

Prince and he were always good friends, and were very happy together.

## ANDY THE SAD.

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ONCE upon a time, as all good stories begin, there was a little boy who had no one to play with him. His mother was very poor, and she was too busy to do anything but dress him in the morning, and let him do just as he pleased. "Andy" was this boy's name, and he had no toys or anything nice to play with. Now what do you think he did to get playthings? You never could imagine.

The trees around his house were oak trees, and there were lots of acorns on the ground. Then the roots of the trees ran along on top of the ground, and were very curious in shape; then there was a



little stream of water in a hollow not far from home, and there were ducks and chickens and a big goose who lived with them.

These were all the things he had to play with, and I shall tell you how he amused himself. He used to make tea-sets with the acorns. He cut them in halves and hollowed them out for cups; the shells were the saucers, and the great, flat shells were the plates, and the oak leaves were the dishes. He used to have a cupboard in the hollows of the big crooked roots, and put his dishes there, and then he would give parties to the fairies. His mother had told him never to go down to the water, for the fairies might catch him and pull him in and drown him.

One day Andy was playing around, and all of a sudden he saw a great, big frog leap out of the water, and sit on a

rock. His eyes were bright, and his green skin shone in the sunlight. Andy looked at him, and all of a sudden the frog winked at him and said: "Why don't you come along and have some fun? We fellows just have no end of a good time in my country."

"I'm afraid I would drown," said Andy.

"Oh, that's all nonsense. You might drown if you were a boy, but I can make you a frog for just as long as you want. Come on!"

"Will you be sure to let me come home as soon as I want?"

"Yes, sure," answered the frog. "All I have to do to make you a frog is to hop on you, and you will be just like me."

"All right, hop along," said Andy, for the good old frog looked so jolly, and Andy felt so lonely that he forgot all about what his mother had told him.



In a minute the big frog hopped on his foot, and Andy suddenly felt himself changed into a lively little frog, and with a big splash he sprang into the water, calling out:

“Catch me if you can!”

Well, I tell you they had the greatest fun you could imagine. They played leap-frog, they swam, they dove from off the rocks, they chased the little fish around the pond.

They scared the life out of the minnows, by hiding behind rocks and then jumping out after them. They had a fight with a big crawfish, and made him go into his hole and stay there.

Then the old frog told Andy lots of stories about fishes and toads, and the battle between the toads and frogs. Did you ever hear of that battle? Well, I can't tell you all about it, but it ended in the toads having to live on dry land, and



only the frogs living in the water. When the toads want to go into the water they croak a lot, and people say, "Listen to the toads calling for water."

Dear me, it was such fun for Andy, but in spite of the fun he did not forget that sometime he had to go home. He asked the old frog if he could go, but the frog jumped away from him and said, "Oh, by-and-by, there 's no hurry!"

Well, time is nothing to frogs, and Andy had no idea whether it was to-day or to-morrow. He slept a long time, for everything seemed very quiet, and all of a sudden he woke and found himself still a frog. Poor Andy could n't find the old frog any place, and he just knew it must have been a bad fairy, and that he would never go back to his mother again.

He hopped out into the sunshine, and he heard some one coming along the ground. He listened, and sure enough, it



was his poor mother, and she was looking for him everywhere. He jumped up to her and tried to tell her that he was a frog, but she did not like wet, slimy frogs, and would not look at him, but just kept crying, and saying, "Where is my little Andy?"

Andy called to her, but she only heard him croaking, and said: "I believe that poor little frog knows I'm feeling bad, and wishes he could do something for me!"

Well, she and one of the neighbors looked into the pond, and felt about with sticks, but no Andy was there. Andy was so thirsty that he had to jump back into the water, and his mother went away. He knew that if he tried to hop along to the house the dog would catch him and eat him, or he would die out of water, and he wanted to live until he saw that bad old frog again, and make him

change him back again into his right shape. But the big frog kept out of the way, and poor Andy just had to do the best he could. He wanted to cry, but he could n't even do that like a boy. He could only croak, croak, croak all the time. By and by the other frogs and the fish were tired of hearing him grumble and complain, and they told him to keep still. This made him afraid, so he kept still as well as he could, and hid among the rocks.

Day after day passed, and he did not see that bad old frog.

Now, I'm going to tell you the rest about Andy in another story.

But you mustn't feel too bad. Just wait and see what happens to him.



## ANDY THE GLAD.

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**O**F course you will want to know how Andy became happy again, for it is not nice to think of any little boy having to be unhappy very long, at any rate, is it?

Well, poor little Andy hid among the rocks, and all of a sudden with his bright eyes he saw that the rock behind which he was sitting only partly covered a hole in the ground. Now, Andy was a curious boy,—I mean frog,—so he pushed and pushed until the rock was moved off far enough from the hole to let him look down. What do you suppose he saw? He saw a pair of steps made of green moss. So he hopped down and down, and came to

a beautiful hall which was lighted up by hundreds of fairy lamps.

Andy hopped along the hall admiring everything he saw, for truly nothing so beautiful had he ever beheld. It seemed to be a palace without any one in it. There were all kinds of rooms filled with lovely furniture. Presently he came to one room, and there on a couch of gold lay a beautiful princess whose golden hair covered her from top to toe. She appeared to be asleep, and Andy did not like to waken her, but just sat there looking and looking at her, and thinking that he never could get tired of seeing any one so lovely. He hopped around and examined all the things he found, and his little eyes were almost popped out of his head with astonishment. Why was the princess asleep with no one around? Why was the palace under the ground? Why could n't he wake her, he thought, and ask her if



there was anything he could do for her? The more he thought of this, the more he wished he could just run right up and kiss her, for she was so sweet and rosy and pretty. It would be such fun to surprise her with a kiss! Andy laughed at the idea — for you see he forgot just then that he was only a wet little froggy, and he felt like a real live boy.

At last he could n't keep from doing it, and he hopped up to the couch, then with a big jump he sprang right on the lovely princess, and put his wet nose on her cheek.

I tell you, she gave a scream and woke right up, for even princesses can't bear frogs.

Yes, she woke right up, then she rubbed her eyes just as you and I do when we have slept a very long time and can't make up our minds that we are awake yet. She looked around, and saw no one but



a little frog sitting on the bed beside her. Suddenly she laughed aloud and said:

“Why, all this is just as the fairy said it was to be, and you are the lucky one, are n’t you?”

Andy did n’t know what to say, so he croaked and thought how very ugly he must look to this princess, and that he was not at all the lucky one.

“Oh, I understand frog language, you know,” said the princess; “and now I’m going to tell you my story and then make you a very happy prince. You must know that a fairy — a bad, wicked fairy — changed me to this place, just because I was the loveliest princess in my country. She told me that I would have to marry a frog, or I could never marry any one, so I am going to marry you. She said a frog would wake me up when the time came, and then I must marry him whether I wanted to or not. You look like a nice



frog, and as soon as we are married, you shall get back your true form again, for I know the charm will be broken. I was told all about you in a dream, and you are not really a frog at all."

Just as she was speaking, along came the big, bad frog who had changed Andy to a frog, and as soon as Andy saw him he jumped at him angrily, but all of a sudden the big frog turned into a tall fairy who said to the princess:

"Now, if you are ready, I shall marry you to this frog."

"Oh, you are the bad fairy who put me here," said the lovely princess. "Are you going to make me marry him?"

"Yes, for he is a good boy, only somewhat disobedient like yourself, little princess."

Well, the fairy married them right there, and as soon as Andy touched the hand of the princess, he became a boy

again, and they found themselves in the palace, but not below the ground.

No indeed, the palace was right on top of the earth, and near it was the cottage of Andy's mother. As soon as Andy saw his mother he forgot all about the princess, and ran to his mother and kissed her. She was very happy to see him, and when he told her about the lovely princess, she ran and put on her best dress. Then Andy took his mother to the princess, and they always lived happily together in the lovely palace.



## THE QUEEN OF THE FOREST.

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ONCE upon a time there lived in a country full of trees, a man who had charge of the forests of the prince of that kingdom. This man was called the "head-forester," and he had a large house on the edge of the biggest woodland of them all.

His name was Franz, and he had a little son whom he called Nick. Nick was a fine, strong little boy, so full of fun and play that he often found it very lonely with no companions around him.

What do you suppose he played with? Well, he played with the fairies. Yes, indeed, but he only imagined there were fairies talking to him, for he never really saw one for a long time.

One day he saw a squirrel running along the ground as if it were a little lame, so he started to catch it, but the little thing was so frightened to see a great big, two-legged thing running after it, that it ran fast, and at last disappeared in a hole in one of the largest trees in the forest. Nick ran up, and was surprised to find such a monstrous hole in the tree. Up he climbed into it, and found such a nice clean floor to the hole.

"Oh, is n't this lovely!" he said. "I'll have this for my fairy house, and my princess shall live in it with me. Come on, princess," Nick called, and he was just going to pretend to answer himself, as he had always done, when a sweet voice replied :

"Well, Nick, here I am. What do you want?"

There stood a beautiful princess, dressed in green and gold, and her eyes looked



like violets, they were so blue. She stretched out the whitest little hand, on which were a lot of sparkling rings, and touched Nick. As soon as he felt her touch him, he began to feel light as a feather, and as if he could fly.

"Now, Nick, you are a fairy like me, just for a while, and I 'll take you to see the fairies of the wood, for I am their queen."

Nick remembered that people always bowed very low to queens and princesses, so he bent away over, and I think he must have looked very pretty, for the queen said:

"You would make a lovely prince, Nick, and I shall give you a handsome dress." She tapped his clothes with her little wand, and in a twinkling he saw himself dressed in silvery velvet, with diamond buckles on his shoes, and a silver chain around his neck. My, my, but he



was fine! I wish you could have seen him!

"Come on, my prince," said the fairy queen, and to his surprise they began to walk down a pair of stairs right in the tree. She showed him how the trees grew; he saw the sap running up from the smallest roots, and he saw thousands of tiny fairies taking care of the juice of the trees. Some cleaned it when it could not get through the tough knots, and made little holes for it to run through; others killed ugly bugs which seemed to feed on the poor tree's life blood; others took the little stones out of the way of the small, weak roots which were pushing down into the hard ground to get something to eat and drink. You know trees eat and drink just as we do, but they have different food, and they do not have any teeth. The wood fairies were all busy. They saw tiny springs



just beginning to bubble out of the ground, and here were many fairies digging with all their might to let out the water.

The queen of the woods explained to Nick all about things, and showed where the fairies kept the bright colors to paint the leaves with in the cold weather. She showed him what kind of trees the squirrels liked to hide their nuts in, and what kind of worms fed on these nuts. Then she gave him a lot of the finest acorns in the forest, and filled them with sparkling fairy wine. This wine tasted very much like water to Nick, but he did not like to say so, for fear of displeasing the little queen.

Then they went climbing up, up, up into the tallest tree of the forest. She called it the "king of the forest." It was very wonderful to see the inside of this big tree, and it smelled so sweet.



They climbed and climbed, until at last they stood out on the top of the tallest bough of the great king.

My! what a wonderful sight Nick saw. It looked like a sea of green. The wind sighed among the great trees, and moved them about, and they tossed their boughs and nodded their leaves, until it seemed to Nick as if everything was dancing and whirling around him to wonderful music. It hummed softly, then it grew louder, and then it growled like thunder, and then it was soft again. Oh, it was so beautiful and so happy that Nick could have lived up there and never grown tired of it.

But the fairy queen suddenly said that it must be time for the flower fairies to shut up their houses. Nick knew they had no clocks in fairyland, and he understood, when she said this, that it must be growing late, so he followed her down the big tree, and, to his surprise, he had been up



in the very tree where the squirrel had hidden.

He did not want to leave the beautiful queen, but she told him that she would always be in the woods, and that she often watched him at play, and that some time, may be, she would come to him again. So Nick kissed her little hand, and as he did so, he suddenly found himself outside of the big tree, and dressed again in his play clothes. He called out:

"Good-by; good-by, sweet little queen!" Then he listened, and he was sure he heard a sweet voice in the tree say:

"Good-by, Nick; good-by!"

He ran home and told his mamma all about the fairy. But he never could find exactly the same tree again, for there were so many, many big trees in that forest, and lots of them had just such

holes, so he never saw the queen again, but he was sure he could hear her sometimes when he put his ear close to the bark of the dear old trees.

He was a very happy little fellow, as he believed she would keep her word, and watch over him in the beautiful forest.



## TWO LITTLE RUNAWAYS.

---

**T**IP and Cornie were two little boys who had made up their minds to run away from home. Tip was two years older than Cornie, but he was only eleven; now can you tell me how old Cornie was?

Yes, they had made up their minds. They had just listened to Robinson Crusoe, and they thought it would be fine to run away in a boat and be wrecked just like him. So they got a tin bucket from the kitchen when the cook was not looking, and put in it some bread, some cold meat, a few eggs, some potatoes, a box of matches, and a tin cup. Cornie heard Jane, the cook, coming, and they

had to run off and hide the things in the stable. Tip found a couple of grain sacks lying empty, and into them they stuffed everything, not forgetting a hatchet and some nails to build their cabin, after they should be wrecked. Tip said it would be best to start in the night, so as not to be found out, but Cornie wanted to sleep once more in his little bed, which was warm and comfortable, and very near his mamma's. Well, the next morning was bright and beautiful, and the boys got up very early and dressed as quietly as they could.

They crept downstairs in their stocking feet and found the kitchen cold and dark, but they knew just where to find meat and bread and milk, and this, with an apple or two and some of Jane's best cake, made a grand breakfast for them. Tip did not forget a tin cup, and taking a sack each on their backs, they ran quickly



down to the bank of the river. They lived on the bank of a good-sized river, which after many miles — so they had heard — emptied into a lake.

Now, Tip and Cornie both knew how to row a boat, as they had often been on the river with their father, and they knew all the dangerous spots for a few miles along, so they were not at all afraid.

They soon had their things packed in the boat, and both were going to push off, when Cornie called out:

“Tip, say, Tip! Where are the oars?”

“Gee whizz! I came near forgetting all about them.” Tip jumped out and ran up to the stable where they were always kept, and came pretty near being seen by Jake, the stable-boy. However, he kept quiet until Jake went into the cow yard, and off he ran as fast as his legs could carry him. Tramp, his dog, saw him and ran after him, and when he found the



boys were going on the water, he just jumped in without any invitation, and curled himself up in the bottom of the boat. Tramp was not going to be left out if there was any fun on hand! Indeed, no!

It was growing light now, so it was dangerous to stay too long, or papa might see them. So Tip put the oars in place, and away they started. Cornie took off the chain that fastened the boat, Tip stood up and gave her a shove, and they were soon out in the stream. My, my, but it was fun! The boys had brought a fishing line or two, and as they floated down they enjoyed fishing. They talked a great deal about how they would get out on the ocean from the lake, and how they would find a beautiful island. Cornie was glad that Tramp had come along.

Well, the sun began to be clouded during the morning, and by noon dark



clouds had hid every bit of the blue sky. They were a very long way from home now, and could see the lake like a black thread far off; but it was not so very far, after all, for soon the river broadened, and got very rough, and the little boat rocked up and down. Tramp did not like it at all, and whined as if he was worried. Cornie began to be frightened as he saw the big black sheet of water so near, and even brave Tip was quiet, and watched carefully for fear the boat might strike a rock as it was hurried along. Both children were afraid that there might be falls before the river got to the lake, but presently, with a great bumping and noise of dashing waters, they were swept out into the big body of water, and then our poor little boys realized for the first time that they were alone, and that night was coming on, and that it was going to storm.



Hard as Tip tried to turn the boat and get into shore, he could not do a thing. The current carried the boat on and on, right into the middle of the lake. Tramp trembled and whined, and Cornie was crying:

"Let's turn back, Tip, I want to go home. I don't want to be wrecked any more!"

"Cornie, I don't want to be wrecked, either, but I can't turn the boat. It won't go back, and I am too tired to row any longer. I'm just going to let the old boat go where it wants to," and Tip put up the oars, and went nearer to his brother and put his arm around him.

"Don't cry, Cornie," said Tip; "I'll be with you, and Tramp is here, aren't you, old boy?"

Now the wind began to blow pretty strong, and the boat rocked dreadfully. Tramp watched the boys, and they held



on tight to the sides of the boat. There was no moon, and not a star was out, and they felt cold and hungry.

Tip felt carefully in the bag for some food, and managed to get some bread and meat and the tin cup out. So the boys ate, and gave Tramp some, too. Then they dipped up water to drink, and after that they felt better, but still no land was to be seen. The rain suddenly came on, and then our poor boys were indeed frightened, for Tip had sense enough to know that the boat might fill and sink. He told Cornie to dip up the water from the bottom, and he tried to row again, but he could n't see where to go, it was so dark. All of a sudden Cornie called :

"Oh, Tip, Tip, there is a big lot of land near! I see rocks, sure."

He had scarcely called out, when the boat bumped into a big rock, and both boys were thrown off their feet.



At first they were stunned and hurt, so they did not feel the boat go back into the water and then give another jump forward, and this time higher up on the land, for it was really land.

When the boys recovered from the big bumping they had had, they were surprised to find that the boat did n't move, and they knew they must be on land. Cornie wanted to get out and see, but Tip told him not to move until it was light, so they crept close together, and lay staring up into the sky, while the rain drizzled on them until they were soaked through. After a long, long time a little star shone out, and then another, and then another. Tip thought he had never known before how beautiful stars were, for it made him sure that the storm was over. Poor little Cornie had fallen asleep, and at last, although he tried to keep awake, Tip's eyes closed, and he never knew a thing



more until Tramp licked his face for good morning. Then he rubbed his eyes, and there they were in the boat high and dry on land. They were wrecked just as they had wished to be. Cornie woke up, too, and they got out of the boat, very stiff and cold.

They found that they were on land, but it was an island, and not a house in sight anywhere. The sky was clear, and the weather warm, for it was summer, so they began to look around for some wood to build a fire with. Everything was wet, but at last, under the bushes, they found some dried leaves and dead wood, and then they ran to find matches. Fortunately, the matches were not wet, so soon a fine fire was burning, and the boys dried their clothes and shoes.

Yes, Tip and Cornie were wrecked indeed. They ran all over the island, which was not very large, but high and covered with trees.



They found a cave, and as it was nice and dry, they moved their things into it, and played Robinson Crusoe. Tip was Crusoe, and Cornie Friday. But both boys really wanted to go home, only they were afraid to go out on the big lake again. They were very lonely, and wondered if mamma and papa were hunting for them. They had not thought of that before they started, but now they knew how much sorrow at home they must be causing.

They ate some dinner later on, but afterwards Tip became very quiet, and sat a long time looking out on the lake without saying a word.

"Say, Tip," said Cornie, "can you see any one coming in a boat? What is that dark spot over there?"

"Oh, it's nothing at all, Cornie. I've been watching, and there is n't a sign of a boat anywhere."



"Will we have to stay here alone to-night?"

"I guess we will, Cornie. Say, Cornie, we won't have enough to eat to-morrow. Tramp has to be fed, too, you know. I don't know what we'll do if we can't get away from here pretty soon!"

"Tip, let's say a prayer to God and ask him to help us home. I want to go home and see mamma and papa!"

Poor little Cornie just put his head down on Tip's shoulder and cried hard.

"I'm so lonely without mamma and papa!"

"All right, Cornie, let's say a prayer; I'm sure God will take care of us if we ask him."

So the two boys knelt right down and said the Lord's Prayer, and then they jumped up feeling happier, and began to run about over the island. But they took good care to keep a watch out.

"I'll tell you what we'll do," exclaimed Tip, "let's put up a white flag for a signal of distress, Cornie."

"Yes, let's. We can use the old piece of table-cloth that we had round the bread. Come on."

Tip found a straight, tall piece of wood, and they tied the cloth to one end of it. Then they dug a hole as well as they could with a hatchet and with sticks, put the pole in, and piled rocks all around it to keep it steady. It spread out well in the breeze, and Tip said people could see it for a long distance.

Still there was no sign of a boat, and it was about sunset. Tip and Cornie felt pretty bad, as they sat and watched and watched.

All of a sudden, just as it commenced to be twilight, Tip caught sight of a dark speck way out in the lake, and it seemed to be moving.



"Look, look, there is a boat ! Let's yell as loud as we can."

They ran to a high rock and waved their handkerchiefs and yelled:

"Hello — hello — there !"

Even old Tramp joined in, and began to bark and run around as if he wanted to do all he could for his friends. The boys kept up yelling, and then they heard a voice calling to them, over the water:

"All right, coming."

It was their father's voice, and he was talking through a speaking trumpet, like the captain of a sailing vessel uses.

"It's papa coming after us; hurrah, hurrah !" cried both boys.

Sure enough, the boat came nearer and nearer, and they could soon see three men. Tip and Cornie ran down to the point toward which the boat seemed to be coming, and before very long

their father jumped on shore. Well, you can imagine how the boys felt when papa, instead of scolding them, put his arms around them and held them close. They hugged their papa and kissed him and told him how sorry they were, and that they would never run away from home again. Papa spoke very gently to them, and made them see how bad it was to have given so much pain to their dear mother and to him. Then one of the men said they had better hurry home, as they had a long pull ahead up stream to the house. So they all got in, and old Tramp settled down comfortably in one end of the boat.

It was hard rowing up the river, in some places, and Tip told his papa all about their trip down, and the storm and rain.

At last they reached home, and when mamma heard their voices she ran out



and clasped her little boys in her arms, crying.

I tell you Tip felt very much ashamed and very sorry; and as for Cornie, he just knew that nothing would make him run away again in his life, and he told mamma so.

## “KIT ROSIE.”

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THIS is a story of a real, live cat. Rosie's mother was called "Pous-sou," and was owned by a French peasant rancher in Southern California. "Pous-sou" was a cat full of character and strange manners, and never had but one child — the Rosie about whom I am going to tell you. And one of the reasons I'm going to tell you about her is because I know that animals have just as different natures, and are as queer as some people in this world.

I think if you notice these things in animals, it makes them so much more interesting to you. Then they like you better, and you can have great influence over them.



One day the rancher, Lajais, brought the kittie over to our ranch and gave her to the children to play with.

"She vera good cat," Lajais said.  
"Her mother ees a vera fine mouser."

But I wish you could have seen the mother "Poussou"! She was the ugliest cat you could imagine, and the kitty was very like her. At first the children did not care a great deal for their kittie, but their papa and mamma fed her, and made a great pet of her. "Rosie," as they named her, grew to be a big cat, but she was full of strange ways. She was a splendid catcher of mice and gophers and young pigeons. She would watch by a gopher-hole with endless patience, and when the little rascal peeked up his nose, she would seize him, and then there would be a terrible fight!

Rosie was a wonderful hunter. She would go out on hunting trips and not



return for weeks to the ranch-house. I expect she could have told us lots of stories if she could only have spoken our language. Rosie could not purr, like other cats. She was very cranky at times. Papa would call her, "Kit Rosie, Rosie, Rosie," and presently you could hear her heavy trot on the hard path, and she would come jogging up to him, for all the world like a dog. She would stop, and look up, as if to say, "Well, what's the matter?"

Then she would jump up on his knees, or on the bed, if he let her in the house, and he would smooth her fur, and pet her for a while — when all of a sudden she would go, "Spit, spit," as much as to say:

"There now, that's enough — get out." Down she would jump, and nothing would induce her to submit to any more for that time. Sometimes it would be



days before she could be coaxed to come near him, and she would even growl at him for no reason at all, yet she was very fond of him.

Rosie and Don, the shepherd dog, were good friends, but Don loved to jump at her from behind a bush or the corner of the house, and oh, my! Rosie's tail would get twice as big as usual, and away she would run up a tree, and sit there out of Don's reach. Then it was fun to watch them! Don would bark as loud and savagely as he could, and Rosie would growl in answer. At last Don would get tired out, and lie down at the foot of the tree, as much as to say:

"Well, my dear, you can't come down, anyway."

Then he would soon be sound asleep, and after waiting till she was sure he wasn't "playing 'possum," she would come down, and go to sleep on his warm,

furry back. They made a pretty picture, I can tell you.

Another funny thing Rosie used to do was this:

She never had any kittens of her own, but whenever any other cat on the ranch had some, she would go right up to her as she was nursing the little things, slap the mother-cat in the face, and one by one carry off the kittens to a nest she had for herself. There she would pet them for awhile, and such a fight as she and mother-cat would have over them! But the mother-cat very often won in the battle, and then, besides, Rosie grew tired of playing nurse, and would leave the kittens, and go out hunting again.

Rosie is no longer alive, but every one thought her a very remarkable cat, and I expect she must have been, as Lajais said, "Vera good breed."



## THE FISHERMAN'S BOY.

---

**A**N old fisherman lived in a tiny cabin on the shore of the great, big ocean. His cabin was built of logs that had been cast on the beach by the waves in the storms. His furniture had also come to him in the same way; one day a table had drifted upon the beach, another day a rocking-chair, then a bed, rather broken, and a cupboard, and so on. That was a funny way of having a house furnished, was n't it?

The only person in the house besides the old man was a little boy, and even he had come out of the water. Yes, indeed, he had. There was a steamer wrecked on the shore, and he was the only child on

board, and was picked up by the old fisherman, who thought he was dead. But he felt the poor little boy's heart, and found it was beating, so he gave him some warm wine, and in a while he he was glad to see the child open his blue eyes and smile at him, when he felt himself so warm and safe in the old man's arms. Of course, he was a long time in getting over the fright of what had happened to him, but after a time he grew strong.

He was so small a boy that he could speak only a few words, and they were in a different language from the old man's, who spoke English. The old man kept him, thinking every day that some one would come to claim him, but no one came, and he made up his mind that he wanted to keep him himself. He called him Pierre, for that was the name the child called himself, but the fisherman



could not pronounce it very well, for you know it was a French name, so he called him "Peer."

Pierre was a jolly little fellow, laughing and playing all day on the beach, and watching the sea-gulls flying along.

As he grew to be a big boy, his grandfather — for so he called the old man — made him sit down every day and learn to read, and he taught him all he could. Pierre learned many things about the sea, the fish, the tides, the wonderful creatures that the waves threw upon the sand day after day, such as jelly-fish, star-fish, and then, the lovely shells — oh, my! he had a grand collection of these. You would have liked to see them, and hear him tell all about the funny fish that lived in them. "Grandad" knew a lot about those strange things, and loved to sit on the edge of his boat and talk to "Peer." Then he taught him how to manage a



boat, and by and by the two built a strong boat, with the help of a neighbor, and put a sail in it, and sailed out on the ocean for fish.

You can imagine how happy and proud Pierre was when he learned how to sail a boat, and could bring a load of fish home. These he sold at the nearest market, or to the sailing vessels that stopped in the bay near by.

One day the wind was blowing hard, and a great storm was commencing, just as Pierre and grandad hauled their boat high up on the shore for safety from the big waves.

As night came, the men built fires along the shore, to warn boats from the rocks. All of a sudden Pierre heard a big gun go off. He ran to the window of the little cabin, and as the lightning flashed, he saw a great vessel near the shore, and he knew the gun was meant to ask for help.



Quickly he and grandad put on their heavy coats, and with lantern, whiskey flask, and ropes, made their way as well as they could in the furious wind down to the beach.

Sailors know just what things are needed in case of danger, you know. There were a lot of men on the beach looking at the big vessel, which was soon to be wrecked on the cruel rocks. Then the vessel fired another gun, as much as to say:

“Can’t you come and help us?”

The men on the shore knew that it meant for them to send a rope out, so that the poor people on board could be hauled to land, but no one stirred. The waves were tremendous, and the bravest was afraid to venture out in a boat.

But Pierre sprang down the beach as if he were general of an army, calling out:

"Follow me, my friends, and God will protect us !"

"Oh, Pierre, don't go in your boat," called a number of men; but good old grandad said:

"Let him alone. God is with him, and so am I!" And with that he pushed the boat down towards the water. The men were ashamed, then, to hang back, and said they would go, too, but Pierre did not want many. At last two men, young and strong, were chosen, and very soon the four were in the boat, and with a push, off it went into the great waves.

Those on shore fired a gun and sent up a rocket to let the poor people on board know they were coming to help them.

No one stirred as they watched the little boat; first up on the top of the wave, then down it went as if it would never be seen again, but it came up



all right, and at last a gun was fired to let the people on shore know it had reached the vessel. A great shout went up from them, and at last the little boat was seen coming back with the rope to fasten on land.

Well, I need not tell you how the men worked to save the poor shipwrecked sailors in the vessel, and that almost all were saved, too. There was a woman on board, who was sent over the rope in a basket, and when she was taken out, she seemed to be dead with the fright and cold. Pierre and grandad managed to carry her to their cabin, and they worked very hard to bring her to life. At last she opened her eyes as Pierre was trying to make her swallow another spoonful of whiskey, and when she saw Pierre she gave a scream and fainted away.

Grandad then took Pierre's place, and

slowly she came to life again. As soon as she could speak, she looked around and asked, "Who is that boy, there?"

Pierre turned as she spoke, and the old man told her he was his grandson. But she was not satisfied, so at last he told her all about Pierre having been wrecked, and how he had just kept him for his own child. Well, whom do you think she turned out to be? Why, Pierre's own mother! His father had been a bad man and had stolen the boy from her, and she had been looking for him for years, and then she thought he was dead. But she knew him because he looked so like his father. Then the old man showed her the little clothes Pierre had first worn, for he had kept them, thinking some day the boy would be found by his relatives.

This turned out to be a very happy



thing for Pierre, for his mother was a kind, lovely woman, and she made up her mind to live with old grandad until he died.

When the old man died, which he did not long after, she took Pierre away with her, and sent him to school, so that he learned to be a useful man in the world.

## OTHO AND THE FAIRY- MOUND.

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ONCE upon a time there was a young man who started out to make his fortune. He had nothing but a few pieces of money, a change of clothes, and a fine horse. So he mounted his beautiful horse, one day, and with his bundle of clothes tied to the saddle he rode gayly away from the place where he had lived. He travelled on and on, and at last, one afternoon, he came in sight of a great forest. Just at the edge was an inn. He stopped, got off, and ordered the landlord to get him supper and feed also for his horse.

As he sat smoking after supper, he asked the landlord what road led through the forest.



"Why, you're not going through the forest to-night?" asked the landlord.

"Of course I am," answered the young man, whose name, by the way, was Count Otho.

"Why, don't you know it is filled with fairies at night-time, and all those who have wandered there at night have never come back again?"

"Oh, I am not afraid of little fairies," laughed the count. The landlord begged him not to go, but that only made him want to still more; and as soon as his good horse had been saddled, off he rode. The moon was full that night, and made plenty of light for him to see among the trees. But of course every one knows that moonlight is the time for fairies, who love to play tricks on travellers, and even to kill them.

Still, Count Otho rode on through the lovely winding paths, when he began to



think he had lost his way, for it seemed that he would never get through the dense forest.

At last he came to a clear space, in which was a round mound, as smooth as if it had been polished. He had heard of "fairy-mounds," and that you must not cross them in the moonlight, so he tied his horse to a tree, and threw himself down to sleep, with his coat rolled up for a pillow. Just as he was settling to sleep, he heard the most beautiful music. It sounded as if it came from under the ground, and he could hear distinctly hundreds of violins, horns, drums, and all sorts of musical instruments.

He was delighted with it. Then he heard sounds of laughter, and the patter of tiny feet, and out into the moonlit space trooped a host of tiny fairies ; some ladies dressed in lovely spangled gowns, that floated in the air as they tripped



along ; then little girls and boys, and old men and young men — and all were dancing and frolicking around and around the smooth mound, while the musicians played like lightning. They swept past Otho like a wind, circling and circling around with hands joined, until he felt he must get up and dance, too. So he sprang into the midst of them, and away they all went as merrily as you can imagine.

My, but it was great fun ! Some of them cut up all sorts of antics, that made him almost die of laughing, and they climbed all over him, and jumped off into the air with loud laughter ! But Otho was not afraid of them, and he thought he would go into the mound, out of which the bright light streamed from an opening. So when he came around to the opening again, he slipped out of the ring of dancers, and followed two or three fairies who were going in.



At first he was dazzled, the light inside was so bright, but as he got used to it, he saw that the cave was lined with gems of all kinds, and the floor strewn with golden sand. He stooped and picked up as many precious stones as he could cram into his pockets, and filled his tobacco pouch with gold dust.

As he was busy doing this, he heard a great noise of fairies coming into the cave, and he was afraid they would find him out and keep him there forever, so he crept past them, as they were crowding down, and managed to get out into the fresh air. He was just in time, too, for the first cock was crowing, and if he had stayed longer, fairies would have hit him and turned him into a toad. You know that if a fairy touches you he can turn you into a toad or any bad thing he wants.

Some of the fairies chased him and threw stones at him, but fortunately none



hit him, and I tell you he jumped onto his horse as quick as a flash, and away he galloped like the wind!

He never turned to look back, he was so afraid that he would not get away fast enough!

After a while he came to an opening of the forest, near the inn where he had stopped the night before, and when he got to the door, there stood the landlord.

"Well, well," the landlord called out. "So you got home safe, did you? What did you see in the forest?"

Otho told him all about the fairies, and how fast he had to run to get away from them. But he thought he had better not say anything about the beautiful precious stones, for fear the landlord might not be honest. Then he mounted his horse, and rode back home again, and built a fine house, and lived happily ever after.

## ALMAZRED, THE SULTAN.

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**A**WAY over on the other side of the world there lived a young Turkish sultan who had everything that he could desire. He had rooms full of gold and silver; caskets of diamonds, rubies, emeralds, pearls, and sapphires; bracelets and anklets; chests of sandal-wood filled with gorgeous velvets, embroidered silks, laces, gauze, and linen.

In his gorgeous palace were couches piled with the softest cushions, while hundreds of beautifully dressed slaves came and went, ready to do the smallest wish of the young sultan.

A hundred Arabian horses, fiery and strong, cared for by as many grooms, were there to choose from for a drive or



ride through the superb parks and woods of the great sultan. Bands of lovely dancing girls came and amused him by their graceful steps, whenever he wished; and after them came the musicians who lulled him to rest by their soft strains. Hunters and marksmen tried to outstrip each other to give him pleasure with their great skill. All bowed before his least wish. He was rich, handsome, and powerful, and could command every one.

And yet the young sultan was not happy. Was n't that strange? He grew paler and paler, and tired of everything. The musicians tried to invent new tunes; the dancers practised new steps; the hunters and marksmen did more wonderful things; the poor horses, even, and his dogs and birds all tried to cheer him, but he grew paler and paler. The court chamberlains and the princes shook their



heads and wondered. Money kept pouring into the treasure house; peace and plenty were everywhere, and yet the Sultan Almazred grew paler and sadder.

At last, one day, he retired to his private garden, and gave orders that no one should disturb him, under pain of death. Guards were placed at the entrance gate with naked swords in their hands, to strike and kill the one who should dare to enter the garden.

All was still in that lovely garden. The tinkling of a pretty fountain was the only sound that Almazred heard, as he lay in the sunshine, or walked the winding paths, or sat under the shade of the thick leaved trees. Wearied with everything, the prince threw himself on the grass beside the fountain, and exclaimed:

"I wish that a fairy would give me three wishes!"



"Well," said a voice from beneath, "what do you want?" and up from the deep fountain, in a silver mist, rose a fairy.

"I wish that I could have a flying horse," said Almazred.

No sooner had he said this than there stood before him a spotless white horse, pawing the ground. He was so beautiful and so full of life that up sprang the young sultan and leaped upon his back.

"Now, I wish that I could be invisible whenever I feel like it," he said.

"Take this helmet," said the fairy, "and when you don't want to be seen, put it on."

"A thousand thanks, kind fairy! What is your name, and when shall I see you again?" asked Almazred.

"My name is Heart's Ease, and when you want me once more, call me, and I will obey."

"May I not see you now?" said Almazred. "I'm sure you are as beautiful as you are kind."

But the fairy drew the silver mist around her closely and said:

"Not yet, not yet. Go forth, Almazred; but in your hour of sorrow call on me and I will come to you."

With a sigh she faded into the ground at his feet; and Almazred was left alone in the beautiful garden, sitting upon his flying horse, and holding in his hand the helmet that could make him invisible. Was it a dream? he wondered.

No, there was the fiery horse pawing the ground, and impatient to be off.

"Come, let us go," said Almazred, gayly; and putting on his helmet, he shook the reins of the snow-white horse, and together they mounted into the air, and were soon soaring above the glittering palace.



"Oh, this is delightful," thought he as he shook the reins for the fairy horse to go faster.

Away, away they flew, over mountains, rivers, valleys, towns, villages, cities. He could see the people below him like tiny creatures running here and there. He saw fleets of vessels dotting the blue sea, plains covered with crops of grain, fruits in green orchards, castles, and fortresses. How glorious it felt to be moving along in the air!

Sometimes he came down to earth, and rode through a beautiful city. Unseen himself, he saw many strange sights. He saw rich and great people ride happily past houses where little children were starving to death. He wondered why these people could not see how thin and miserable the children looked. Often he came near taking off his helmet to find if that made him see better than



they; but he feared to be seen, and so passed on.

He saw thieves steal great treasures, and then throw the blame on others, who were cruelly punished. He saw beautiful women who had killed people go dancing and singing as if nothing had happened. He saw poor people working out in the sun to gather crops, and saw the overseers keep part of their wages for themselves. Still many poor looked happy and merry, while the rich in their fine houses seemed to be cross and angry with each other, and unkind to every one around them.

The young sultan looked and wondered, and became wiser. He had never seen poor people, or any one unkind or mean. Everything bad and ugly had been hidden from him; and he had been praised for even the things he should have been blamed for — just because he was a



great sultan. Now he began to understand things better.

He had his merry times, too, when he came down to earth, took off his helmet, and was seen by people in strange countries, and he spent his money in entertaining them with wonderful music and dancing. So he went on and on, through the world, trying to help the poor, and making other people happy.

Meanwhile, in the garden of Almazred all was silent, except for the crystal drops that tinkled, tinkled, tinkled in the fountain. The guards wondered, and trembled as time went on, and not a sound came from inside to let them know if the sultan was dead or alive. But they had been ordered to keep watch and not to enter. Day after day passed, and the palace was empty and lonely without the monarch, and the people felt that he

was dead. Yet none dared to unseal the garden gates.

Then the councillors and princes met to choose a new sultan, and bitter quarrels arose, for each prince wanted to be the ruler, and have the money and beautiful things of Almazred. Then there were wars, and the soldiers fought for their favorites, and the poor had their homes burned or destroyed by the fighters. The crops were trampled on and ruined by the horses of the armies, and there were many men killed or wounded.

Finally Almazred began to think what an idle fellow he was, wandering along, and seeing so much trouble without doing anything for his poor people, so he made up his mind to come back to his kingdom, and one day he flew over the country towards home.

What was his wonder to see houses burning, soldiers fighting, crops black



and ruined, people quarrelling, and his lovely palace surrounded by cannon and fierce soldiers ready for battle!

He had forgotten his people! He listened, unseen by them, and heard them talking about him. Some loved him, but they said he was an idle prince, who spent his time listening to music and looking at the dancing girls. Others said he might have been a brave prince, if he had ever wanted to do anything for his people.

He learned that the princes were fighting to be sultan, and that the poor were suffering from want of food, as the wheat had been all killed by the trampling of the armies over the new fields.

Almazred listened, and his heart grew sad and ashamed. He had really been lazy, he knew it now, and had never allowed any one to tell him about the sufferings of the poor, or the wicked deeds of the rich. Turning his snow-white

steed into his garden, he came down to earth, and sat down by the fountain to think over his selfish life.

He made up his mind to be a kind prince, and to spend some time every day in helping to make wise laws for his people, and in doing things to make other people happy. He threw himself on the ground and called aloud:

"Oh, Heart's Ease, Heart's Ease, come to me, for I am very full of sorrow! You are the only one who really cares for me, for you have taught me that to be happy I must think of others, and be willing to work for them!"

And suddenly Heart's Ease rose from the ground and stood before him, fair and beautiful, and said:

"Now, O Almazred, I will stay with you!"

Then he took her hand, and together they went out of the garden.



When the soldiers saw their sultan, they shouted for joy, and the councillors and princes were ashamed of their quarrels.

They bowed low before him, and wondered, for they saw that he would now be really and truly their ruler, and would be kind and just to every one.

So Heart's Ease always lived with Almazred, and they were happy together.

And the affairs of their kingdom prospered under their wise and unselfish rule.



























